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After Perot, What?

by Murray N. Rothbard

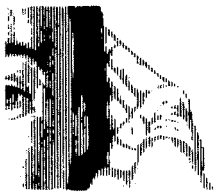
Never trust a billionaire. I have had personal experience of several billionaires, and this was the conclusion that has reluctantly but inexorabley forced itself upon me. Never trust them; they are killers of the very dreams they themselves create.

Billionaires, especially if they are self-made, are virtually by definition bright. They are, almost by definition, clear and independent thinkers, setting their own course in life. Being masterful entrepreneurs, they are supremely confident in their own ability to tackle tough tasks and to conquer them.

But like all tragic heroes, they suffer from the failings of their very virtues. Bright and independent, they tend to scorn advice, a particular problem when they apply their entrepreneurial expertise to new and unfamiliar fields. Worse, they tend to become arrogant and thin-skinned, and brush away all criticism as the flea bites of lesser men. And being billionaires, they suffer from the same problem as the Emperor Caligula or, often, the President of the United States. Like the legendary 800-pound gorilla, who gets to sit *wherever he wants*, the billionaire is told, by his colleagues and subordinates, *whatever he wants to hear*. He becomes surrounded by toadies and yes-men, because anyone else soon gets to be booted out of his charmed inner circle. And so, the billionaire becomes a candid and independent crank, often a crackpot, a monomaniac rattling off his cranky views to those who are paid to nod sagely at his greatness. And thus, the billionaire allows himself to get cut off from reality, and his yes-men feed into the problem. So now we get: the billionaire with ideas, with social views. Even if his basic instincts are good, even if he tends to favor entrepreneurs as against government, the arrogance, the cutoff from reality, the monomaniacal crankiness will bring him low. More important, when the billionaire has an inspiring vision, he will inspire people with that vision, and then *destroy*

(Cont. page 3, col. 1)

Never trust a billionaire.



THE EAR

by Sarah Barton

Bill Clinton may have a paternity suit filed against him in Arkansas by a black woman, Bobby Ann Williams, who claims that her seven-year-old son Danny is the spitting image of his dad. Bobby Ann says that Bill paid her and her sister to have sex, but refused to support his son. Both women are reputed to have passed lie-detector tests, and Bill has apparently refused to take the blood test that would clear him, or nail him.

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* * * * *

Virginia Postrel, left-libertarian-neocon editor of *Reason*, touts her philosophy in a review of Richard A. Posner's crazed *Sex and Reason* in the *Wall Street Journal*. (No, silly, the book isn't about her magazine—except in the broadest sense.) As a "libertarian," Posner—one of Ronald Reagan's many rotten judicial appointments—"isn't upset" by increasing sexual libertinism. He is "happy" to see the "traditional standard of chastity" overthrown.

* * * * *

Sidney Blumenthal, the head hatchetman at the *New Republic*, may have a personal as well as ideological reasons to knife all of Slick Willie's opponents, as well as to write his fawning articles on Clinton.

Blumenthal's wife, Jackie, who is in the political fundraising business, is now working for the Clinton campaign. Quizzed on this apparent conflict of interest, Blumenthal replied that "women are entitled to their own careers." Well, sure, but we're entitled to evaluate *your* scurvy career, Sidney.

* * * * *

Boris Yeltsin says it will take "only" $12 billion to "entrench democracy" in Russia. Forget that. I want to know how much it would cost to restore the Tsar.

* * * * *

The left-libertarian Eris Society holds the meeting from Hell each summer in Aspen. Members can give speeches at any time, and interrupt each other at will. Scheduled speakers this year include: David Ross on "Seven Steps to Immortality" (including "Cryonics," "Human Uploading," and "Mind Translation"); Royal Skousen on "A Critical Text Analysis of the Book of Mormon"; and Vicki Terhorst on "Vibrational Healing."

Has the worm turned, and could it now be the Year of the Man?

* * * * *

Now that Andre Marrou may be spending his nights on a grate, LPers are touting Nancy Lord, their more presentable veep candidate. But she's another conventional leftie. Denouncing the "unjust verdict" freeing the "brutes" in the King case (she doesn't mean career criminal Rodney), Nancy equates his arrest with the mass murder, arson, and looting of the LA riots. "Two wrongs don't make a right," says Nancy.

* * * * *

The left-liberal media have been proclaiming 1992 as The Year of the Woman, riding on revenge for the martyred "Professor" Anita Hill. The primary victories of leftist women in Illinois and Pennsylvania have gotton enormous publicity.

So how come not a peep about another left-wing woman who got her head handed to her in the West Virginia Democrat primary? Incumbent Governor Caperton was vulnerable, because he had betrayed a 1988 no-new-tax pledge after he got into office. Running against him was the leftist State Senator Charlotte Pritt, who comes from a coal-mining background, and had the support of left-wing UMW locals, left-wing activists, and all the usual suspects. And yet, despite all, Governor Caperton beat Charlotte Pritt by nine percent. Has the worm turned, and could it now be the Year of the Man?

* * * * *

Charlie Peters of *The Washington Monthly* gives a "serious warning" to neocon Defense Secretary Dick Cheney: if he continues to "oppose gays in the military," the "many gays close to him" will be outed, which will be "*extremely painful*" for Dick. The "pain" can be "avoided," however, by "letting gays serve in the armed forces."

* * * * *

Stop the Presses! Rumor has a future issue of *Vanity Fair* magazine highlighting a fiftyish Ross Perot paramour in Amarillo, Texas. Could that be the real reason behind Mr. Anti-Adultery's quitting? ■

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(After Perot. . .cont. from P.1)
it, as his attention wanes and shifts to other spheres. For the billionaire tends to recognize no responsibility to the people he has sucked into his dream; in many ways, he is like a destructive little kid armed with power beyond his years.

But H. Ross Perot sank far beneath the status of a tragic hero. Not only did he create an inspiring dream, a dream of leadership that offered the best way out for an America sinking to its cultural, moral, and economic knees; but he made a solemn vow, a solemn contract with the four million volunteers who poured out, who worked their hearts out, who spent their own hard-earned money without thought of reward, to make H. Ross Perot President of the United States. He exuded East Texan sincerity as he solemnly promised the American people that night on the Larry King show: "You, the American people, put me on the ballot in fifty states, and I promise you a world-class campaign." Four million wonderful Americans, most of them never involved in politics before, believed that pledge; they spent their money, worked like beavers, were clearly getting Perot on the ballot in a magnificent outpouring unprecedented in American history, and then. . .H. Ross Perot punked out. He broke his word to his volunteers, he destroyed their dreams, and on the flimsiest of excuses which is simply not to be believed: as if he simply never realized, this can-do Mr. Fixit never got it through his noodle, that a three-way election might go into the House of Representatives, and that the choice would then be made in January. Come on, Ross, surely you can think of a better alibi than that!

July 16, 1992, will go down as a terrible, black day in American political history—a one, two punch in the gut: not only the coronation of Mr. Despicable by the Democrat Party, but even more the betrayal by Ross Perot of the mass movement he had brought into being. The pleas of Perot that the volunteers stick together are pathetic: stick together *for what*? There was no ideology that bound them: only the expectation of a break in the roten two-party system and the coming to power of genuine leadership and an advance to a strong form of direct democracy. Now, that's all out the window, and the vicious power elites, our rotten bipartisan rulers, and particularly the gentlemen who run the *New York Times* and the *New Republic*, can rest easy now; they have brought down another victim, another popular outsider who might have challenged their vicious Menshovik rule.

Why *really* did Perot punk out? Who knows? As *The Shadow*, that grand old radio drama of the 1930s, used to say: "Who knows what evil lurks in the hearts of men?" (He answered, "*The Shadow* knows," coupled with great, sinister laugh, but unfortunately *The Shadow* isn't around anymore to let us in on it.) Is he thin-skinned, a coward who can't stand the heat he himself invited, or, as they say these days, the "scrutiny" of the barracudas in the media? Probably. But he started it, and he should have seen it through. Knowing some billionaires, however, I have another explanation. Billionaires tend to be cheap SOBs. When a billionaire spends a couple of million on a cause, he thinks he's making a big sacrifice, and that the cause owes him undying gratitude. But what we all have to realize is that couple of million for a billionaire is like you and I buying a hamburger. It's penny-ante stuff. Ross Perot made some concrete promises: He said he'd be willing to spend "$100 million or whatever it takes to win the presidency." Actually, he only spent a few piddly million. He *says* $10 million, but a month before be pulled out, he had only spent a measly $2 million, while the majors had spent $17 million apiece. Let's not forget that the Perot punkout was preceded by the Rollins resignation, which in turn was precipitated by the refusal of Perot to spend money on TV ads produced by Hal Riney. In other words, it was *when Perot was faced with the prospect of spending real dough* that he punked out. Maybe he thought he could win on the cheap, just by appearing on Larry King and at a few volunteer rallies. Cheap SOB.

On the terrible July 16, H. Ross Perot deliberately broke the hearts of four million—at least—of his followers. Many were interviewed on TV, expressing emotions ranging from hurt to bitterness, to a sobbing plea that Perot return to the lists, that somehow he change his mind. Poor people; it was a heartbreaking sight,

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and the phones of dovoted Perotvians rang all day and night expressing shock, rage, and misery. "There's no hope." "What can we do?" These were typical expressions of shock and despair.

But one thing, fellow Perotvians: some of you don't understand. There's no way this guy is going to come back again. Because none of us will trust him ever again. This guy deserves not our pleading, but our scorn and hatred. He deserves the vengeance of the followers he misled and betrayed. He won't get that; it is rare that justice is perfectly served in this world. But one thing I can assure you: this guy's name is M-U-D from now on, through recorded history. At his press conference announcing his punkout, Perot was asked: "What are you going to do now, Mr. Perot?" Ross Perot laughed a jolly laugh, throwing his head back in delight, with not a care in the world. "Why, ah'm going back to work. Ah gotta pay mah bills." Yeh, sure, very funny, Ross. Listen fella: no matter how many more billions you pile up from now on, you will go down throughout history as the guy who punked out, the guy who could have been, not just a "contenda," but President of the United States. You blew it, you little punk, and you will be scorned and damned forevermore. Bad cess to you!

This guy deserves not our pleading, but our scorn and hatred.

And now what? What does the paleo-libertarian do now for November? The prospect is a grisly one. As we have detailed in these pages, Andre Marrou and the Libertarian Party are crooks, flakes, and leftists, and deserve to sink into oblivion as fast as possible. Of the minor party candidates, the only one worth voting for is Howie Phillips of the Taxpayer Party, but while this would be a Statement and perhaps a vote for the future, this year Howie will be on very few state ballots.

The major party choice is a truly horrible one. The Democrat Party this year presented its worst of many repellent conventions. The only consolation when it was over was watching a replay of the Dukakis acceptance speech on C-Span, where the same enthusiasm, and the same nonsense about the Democrats moving away from liberalism toward "the center" was peddled by the media, and no one fell for it. The idea that Clinton and Gore represent a "shift to the right" or the "center" is grotesque mendacity. We had one of the most leftist conventions and platforms of modern times. The "pro-business" or "conservative" slant consisted in praising "investment" by redefining that noble term as "government spending," and praising "economic growth" when they really mean growth of inflation and governemnt spending. Also the Democrats redefined "family values" as any two or more human beings (or maybe animals) in congress with each other, and insured that the taxpayer shower these "families" with plenty of money and privileges.

The Democrat convention was a "multicultural" sewer; sometimes I had the strong impression that the only two white males attending the convention were Clinton and Gore. It seemed to me that at the entire convention the only shots we saw were of black women weeping at something or other. On the presidential rollcall, the Arizona declaration of votes stood out, being delivered by three spokespersons: a very boyish little tomboy type, a copper-colored Injun who jabbered away in Navaho, and an equally swarthy Hispanic jabbering away in Spanish. And throughout the convention, the banner of "Lesbian Rights" flapped in the breeze, almost as much as did "Clinton." And victimology, which the Democrats of course have specialized in, sank to a new low, as a couple of "AIDS victims" wailed about their diseases, and somehow put the blame on the Bush Administration, with of course females, in this Year of the Woman, sobbing throughout the arena. What in Hell is this? Why don't we have a parade of cancer

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victims, and heart disease victims, and accident victims with arms torn off and blood flowing, and, in a scene that could be straight out of the *Fountainhead*, people displaying to us their festering sores, and demanding money and sympathy and lots of guilt from the nonfestering audience? TV news has been almost totally medicalized anyway; on some days, all we get are reports of studies from the *New England Journal of Medicine*. And now we have combined medicalizing and victimology into one horrible package.

When O when is this whole rotten culture going to be swept away? Who is going to deliver us?

Sinking, ever sinking. Eight years ago, Mario told us about his immigrant father with the bleeding feet, and four years ago Dukakis talked about *his* immigrant father who worked his fingers to the bone. And now we have "progressed" in victimology to the point of Clinton talking about *his* allegedly heroic mother who dumped him on a relative, and about his abusive, drunken stepfather. What? You mean Clinton was not an incest victim? Maybe that will come from the Democrat nominee in 1996. Hey, Slick Willie, why don't you tell us about your sainted mother's recent peccadilloes as a nurse??

And throughout the whole convention was the stench, even more than in 1976, of post-millennial pietism. Clinton's acceptance speech was studded with quotes from the Bible, and later the hall rang out with interracial, interethnic, rock-and-roll secular hymns. It was the old terrible promise of a coercive egalitarian Paradise, a Hellish commie Kingdom of God on Earth. Atheistic Left-libertarians, in their ignorance, think that "religion" or "Christianity" means "conservatism." Maybe the Clintonians think that too. As we say in New York, they should live so long.

And while all this monstrousness is going on, what is George Bush doing? (In addition to fishing?) Bush is busy repudiating the heroic attempt of the conservative Floyd Brown (he of Willie Horton fame) to bring the truth about Slick Willie to the American people. In fact, he is trying to get the FCC to shut Floyd down. Does Bush have a death-wish, or what?

And so there we are: our terrible choice for November. We are trapped between the Democrat Party, who constitute a socialistic moral sewer, Bush Republicans who are dead from the neck up, while Perot has stabbed us in the back in dasterdly fashion. O judgement! Thou are fled to brutish beasts, and men have lost their reason. ■

Bush's Mistresses

by S.B.

A curtsy to Joe Conason and *Spy* Magazine (August), for publishing the only valuable article to date on the Bush Mistress Question. ("George Bush's Adultery Thing.") There is a lot more than Jennifer Fitzgerald, the only one whose name has surfaced in the general media.

#1. Fitzgerald, now 62, began her affair with Bush almost twenty years ago. Both were Nixonians buffeted by Watergate: Bush, rewarded for his staunch loyalty to Tricky Dick as chairman of the Republican National Committee, was made the first U.S. envoy to Red China in late 1974. La Fitzgerald was a Nixon aide who had previously worked for Bush's mentor and good buddy, FCC Chairman Dean Burch. Escaping from the White House, Jennifer joined Bush in China as his personal assistant. This was during a period of greatest strain in the Bush marriage, Barbara spending little time with George in China until his return to head the CIA in 1976. Since 1974, as the *Washington Post* neatly put it, Jennifer has served George Bush in a "variety of positions," including being his aide at the CIA.

Except for a year in the U.S. embassy in London, Jennifer continued to be his top assistant. Her abrasive style angered virtually all the other Bushies, and during Bush's campaign for President in 1980, Jim Baker managed to "exile" Jennifer to a New York office, where Bush paid for her salary for no visible work out of his own pocket. When Bush became Veep, however, Jennifer was back as Bush's top assistant, controlling George's schedule and the much prized access to her boss. In early 1982, two top Bush staffers quit in disgust, including the now infamous Rich Bond, current head of the RNC. In the spring of 1985, Jim

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Baker, starting to plan George's campaign for the presidency, managed to kick Jennifer upstairs and out of the White House, "promoting" her to be Bush's legislative liaison to the Senate. In the turmoil of this shakeup, gossip first began to circulate about the Bush-Jennifer affair; perhaps coincidentally, it was in this period that Jennifer was married, *very* briefly, to an older man.

Bush's GOP rivals for the presidency revived the Jennifer rumors in the spring of 1987, worrying the Bushies, who got erroneous information that *Newsweek* was about to run a major expose of the affair. (Hah! That'd be the day.) As a result, *Newsweek* correspondent Howard Fineman got the now famous unsolicited phone call from George W. Bush, George's "kid" and leading adviser, saying "The answer to the Big A question is N-O." Naturally, the intrepid reporters at *Newsweek* and elsewhere accepted this statement.

When Bush finally got to be President, he rewarded her with her current cushy job as deputy chief of protocol at the State Department. But this was not the end of the Jennifer caper. In the summer of 1989, Jennifer made an official visit to Argentina, and, on her return to the U.S., smuggled—i.e. failed to declare—some fur coats that she had purchased. Acting on an anonymous tip by one of her many enemies in government, Fitzgerald was investigated jointly by the inspector general of the State Department and the Customs Service. The investigation was revealed in the spring of 1990, and Jennifer was fined $648 by the Customs Service. She paid her fine, but the State inspector general also found her guilty of "gross misconduct" and the personnel division of the State Department recommended a gentle-slap-on-the-wrist punishment of 15 days' leave without pay. And yet, the 15-day suspension was never carried out. Why? Why the media's trashing of Sununu, who after all, violated no criminal laws, as against their ignoring the gentle treatment accorded to a fur-smuggler?

Bush took long, intimate lunches at the Palm, with a succession of "pretty young girls."

#2 Before his China post, George Bush was Ambassador to the UN. In New York, Bush was often in the company of fellow Yale man and fun-loving party-giver Bo Polk. A prominent editor who met the two at the time recalls that "Polk was pimping for Bush," noticing afterwards that Bush took long, intimate lunches at the Palm, with a succession of "pretty young girls." At about the same time, as Gail Sheehy once noted in a profile of Bush, Barbara, then in her mid-forties, stopped dyeing her hair. (She didn't always let it go gray!) Barbara told Sheehy bitterly that "George Bush never noticed" the change!

#3. Ms. A was a "highly controversial" Reagan appointee, divorced at the time but since remarried. Both Ms. A and one of her daughters have told several friends about the affair with George, which ended before her second marriage. In September 1988, Ms. A's daughter told about the affair to a prominent Washington businesswoman, at whose house she was staying; the daughter told her hostess that if Bush were elected, her mother would receive a diplomatic post. Sure enough: when Bush became President, Ms. A was appointed an ambassador.

#4. Ms. B was a Catholic and a New York City journalist when she was assigned to cover Bush's presidential campaign in New Hampshire in early 1980. The young lady was about 30, with reddish-blond hair, bearing a close resemblance to Jennifer Fitzgerald. A respected journalist, Ms. B was emotionally fragile, because only a year earlier she had suffered from a "horrifying" family tragedy.

The New Hampshire campaign sparked an affair with Bush, which Ms. B told several New York friends about in the summer of 1980. The friends were stunned: How could somebody so young "sleep with an old guy who'd run the CIA"?

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After the 1980 election, George Bush discussed naming Ms. B to a position in the White House; she never got the job, but she moved to Washington and eventually worked for a big environmental outfit. Ms. B told a close friend that she never got the final offer for a White House job in 1981 because "Barbara was jealous of her." Wonder why? Ms. B has never married.

While fragile and a Catholic, Ms. B could also be uninhibited; at a Washington summer party in the early 1980s, she suddenly stripped off all her clothes and jumped into the pool.

#5. One of George Bush's best friends was a Congressman. After the Congressman's death, his widow, Ms. C, and George became an item. Ms. C was named by a British tabloid in 1988, which reported a hot rumor that Bush had been *shot* on Ms. C's doorstep in early 1981, suffering a flesh wound that was hushed up. This tale was so widely reported that the *Washington Post* ran a long story pooh-poohing it, "Anatomy of a Washington Rumor." The story however, omitted any mention of Ms. C; it was written by the later discredited fraud, Janet Cooke.

#6. Kitty Kelley—always scurrilous, generally accurate—in her famous book on Nancy Reagan published last year, told a story about George Bush that was somehow lost in the shuffle of all the speculation about Nancy and Frank Sinatra. Kitty writes, on page 507, that Nancy liked to tell selected friends the story of "George and his girlfriend"—an incident that occurred on or near the evening of March 18, 1981—coincidentally about the time of the alleged shooting and the widow, #5. A few of Nancy's closest friends were dining in Washington, when dinner was interrupted by a "sudden commotion". The security team of two of the diners, Attorney-General William French Smith and Secretary of State Alexander Haig, suddenly started "jabbering into their walkie-talkies"; they whispered to Haig and Smith, who jumped up and left the restaurant. They returned, laughing, about an hour later, saying that George Bush had been involved in a traffic accident with his girl friend. Bush got his security men to contact Haig and Smith, who saw to it that the incident did not appear on the police blotter.

They returned, laughing, saying that George Bush had been involved in a traffic accident with his girl friend.

Kitty Kelley reports that she interviewed people at the dinner party, and she footnotes an interview with a "close friend" of Nancy Reagan's. Since Smith is dead, this leaves us with Al Haig. Kelley says she had to give the name of the source to her lawyers, the story is on tape, and the publisher's lawyers agreed to print the story. Why no media follow-up?

#7. In the late 1950s, George Bush discovered the glamorous and busty blonde singer, Jane Morgan, who had one hit record. He saw Morgan perform at the Kennebunkport Playhouse, and they quickly "struck up a fast friendship." According to Bush's letters to his former Yale classmate and fellow Skull and Bonesman, bachelor Ohio Congressman "Lud" Ashley, Bush found that Jane was "greatly attracted to me but again this is not particularly surprising." And later: "I have had to make it (my phone) unlisted since Jane Morgan keeps calling me all the time." Jane traveled to Texas to sing at various fundraisers for Bush's congressional campaigns. Finally, in the mid-1960s, Jane apparently faded out of the picture, marrying her much younger Hollywood agent, Jerry Weintraub—now the principal Bush fan in Hollywood.

Never let it be thought that George was taking up with some lower-class floozy. Certainly not: Jane Morgan was born Florence Currier, a prominent WASP family that summered in Kennebunkport. Jane now owns the Currier home there.

#8. A miscellany of other instances:

a. A New York socialite.

b. A North Dakotan woman who moved to Washington after divorcing her husband. Recently died.

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c. A photographer for a national magazine who met Bush overseas.

d. The attractive wife of a Reaganite entertainment figure was recently propositioned by President Bush at a White House gala; the couple left in a huff.

So where are the media? ■

This was written before Perot's retreat, but is still worth reading. The Editors.

The LP and Perot

by Joe Melton

Just when you thought the LP couldn't sink any lower, it does. Having ratified its own disaster of a presidential candidate, the LP has apparently decided to spend the rest of the campaign Perot-bashing. On June 12, the LP of Texas picketed Ross Perot headquarters, calling upon him to clarify his position on gun control. (What: no attacks on Bush or Clinton?) Leading the demonstration was Left-Libertarian VP candidate Nancy Lord, a "libertarian" who favors anti-discrimination laws. On Perot, Nancy declaimed: "Our concern is he's dangerous, that he's a man who has no respect for the Constitution."

Now wait a minute, Nancy: I challenge you to show me the LP platform, that encyclopedic document on every issue under the sun, and show me one—*one*—reference to, let alone praise of, the U.S. Constitution! What *chutzpah!*

Of course, this reaction is typical of all leftists, who are now wailing about the fate of the Constitution under a President Perot. The Constitution has been distorted, stretched, destroyed by nationalists and statists ever since John Marshall, and certainly since the New Deal. Once at least partly meant to check and confine governmental Power, the Constitution has now become nothing but a plaything of the corporate-State, two-party Establishment. We are now the subjects of Nine Despots in Washington, under the guise and cover of the Constitution. The Libertarian Party has now become a Left-libertarian cover for that Establishment.

If the LP denies this, let them answer the question: why are you *only* bashing *Perot*? Thus: note a two-page LP fund-raising letter, June 1, signed by some National Committee member named Ken Prazak (who dat?). The entire letter is devoted to bashing Perot. Like their cousins on the *Nation* and the *New Republic*, and without evidence, Comrade Prazak denounces Perot as a "fascist," and then delivers this clincher in boldface: "Too many Americans hope that Perot will be able to make the trains run on time. But Libertarians know that if he does, we will pay for it with our liberty."

Now look, guys: in the first place, no one under 50, and only *New Republic* readers over 50, are going to get your allusion. Wake up and smell the coffee, Libertarians: this is 1992, *not* 1922. Trains, what trains? And if you concede that Ross the Boss will really be Mr. Fixit—say, deliver the mail on time—*why* should that be at the expense of our liberty? Why not at the expense of bureaucrat jobs? And in *what* way, pray tell, is Perot less libertarian than Bush or Clinton?

Prazak also attacks Perot as the "white-knight drug of feel-good populism." Hey: since when are you guys *against* drugs? And what's wrong with feel-good populism? Isn't it better than all the drugs Libertarians ingest, to say nothing of Libertarians' "voluntary" child molesting?

For his political "theory," Ken Prazak falls back on the idiot Nolan Chart, where Ross is placed, without evidence, in the BAD bottom Authoritarian sector, the alleged diametric opposite of Libertarian. The idiot chart has no place for foreign policy, so it makes no difference that Perot is *the* antiwar candidate; and no place, also, for Perot's brilliantly innovative electronic direct democracy, just the sort of thing you would think LP computer nerds would like. But if they're not on the idiot chart, why discuss the issues?

In the entire Prazak fund-raising letter, there is not one word, not a word, about why anyone should vote for the LP's beloved candidate, Andre Marrou! How come, guys? Don't you think that the masses, fed up with Washington and the political Establishment, are ready for a homeless bum, moocher, crook, and child abandoner? Look at the Outreach you can have to the homeless-moocher-crook-child abandoner "communities!" Some votes, but not much dough, I bet; and isn't that the point, after all?

Is the LP aware, or does it care, that the four or five votes it may influence by its Perot-bashing will go, not to Marrou—

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since there is no mention of him—but to Bush or Clinton, whom the LP is supposed to be against? Does the LP know or care that, by this sort of campaign, it is making a mockery of its claim to be a fearless third party, independent of the two major parties? Instead, when a *real* third choice comes along, for the first time in nearly a century, the LP naturally falls into the role of running dog—or in its case, running pet poodle—of the corrupt two-party system, trying to bring a genuine independent down. By its odious actions, the Libertarian Party reveals itself as only a sleazy little appendage of our two-party despotism. The LP's two cherished slogans over the years have been: The Major Third Party (or, sometimes, the Third Major Party), and The Party of Principle. The Libertarian Party is a corrupt little wart on the body politic; surely we can hope and expect that 1992, its twentieth year on the political scene, will be its last. ■

Roy Childs, Hail and Farewell!

by M.N.R.

The tragically early death of Roy A. Childs, Jr. at the age of 43, leaves a gaping hole in the libertarian movement that cannot be repaired. In a profound sense, Roy was not only Mr. Libertarian Movement, he himself was a living metaphor for that movement, in all its strengths and weaknesses. Brilliant, charming, articulate, persuasive, and capable of great sweetness, Roy's cosmic and almost incredible lack of self-discipline finally laid him low. On hearing of Roy's death, our publisher, Burt Blumert, exclaimed: "What a waste!", and that best expresses the tragic squandering of a life of great potential.

One friend of Roy's best expressed the current plight of the libertarian movement: "he was the glue that held the whole movement together." In more ways than one. For, lacking much else to do, Roy constituted a remarkable one-man telephone network. He was in constant touch with virtually everyone in the movement, conversing often and at length with numerous politicians, journalists, activists, and students. Secondly, Roy was the Last of the Old Libertarians, the last person devoted to the Old Paradigm: neo-Randian, anti-war, in favor of reason and romantic music, as well as hedonistic life styles. He tried to hold together that Old Paradigm, as it was falling and splitting apart, in my view because of its inherent contradictions. As the paleo-nihilo split of the last couple of years polarized the old movement and drove it apart, Roy was indeed the last, by virtue of his devotion and the enormous breadth of his network, to provide that glue. With Roy's death, the glue exists no longer, and in mourning his death we might note that along with Roy has passed the Old Movement, for good or for ill. That movement once performed the vital function of keeping the spirit and the ideas of liberty alive in the hostile Cold War world.

Roy "was the glue that held the whole movement together."

My fondest memory of Roy is from the summer of 1973, the first of the modern week-long summer conferences in libertarian scholarship. The Institute for Humane Studies put on a week of economic history lectures at Cornell by Forrest McDonald and myself, to the best of the young libertarian scholars in these and related areas. Roy, who had been steeped in Randian philosophy and political theory, and in Austrian economic theory, had never been exposed to history. He was ecstatic: "Murray," he exclaimed, "we're integrating all of reality!" Well not quite, Roychick, but we're getting there. ■

The Childs Memorial Service

by S.B.

The Roy Childs memorial service, held by Andrea Rich at

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the Williams Club in New York City on Sunday June 28, was *the* event of the libertarian social season. In fact, it might be the *last* such event ever, because what else could bring together such very different and often bitterly clashing people as: George Smith, Tibor Machan, Thomas Szasz, Robert Nozick, the first R., the Cato contingent: David Boaz, Sheldon Richman, and Doug Bandow; Bill Beach and Tom Palmer of IHS; Father James Sadowsky, S.J.; and on and on? Indeed about 100 people showed up, and everyone was cordial, hatchets buried for the occasion. In fact, the libertarians all acted with surprising maturity. What's the matter with them? My God, they must all be getting *older*!

Indeed, almost everyone looked older, grayer, and fatter, or in some cases, more wizened. Long-time champion of drugs and decadence, Jeff Riggenbach, who flew in from LA for the service, actually looked like a wise elder statesman! The only tension, indeed, appeared at Andrea's open house the night before, when Tom Palmer and David Boaz, at one time very close buddies, and who are Not to be Invited to the Same Party, circled each other warily. Those who flew in specially from as far away as California deserve special mention: Riggenbach and Smith from L.A., Chris Weber and Jeff Hummel from San Francisco.

I was worried that this service would replicate the other atheist-libertarian memorial service of the last few years, that of Bea Hessen at Stanford. When my friends and I tiptoed out, they were *three and a half hours* into the service, and still going strong. Everyone narcissistically talked about what Bea meant to *them*, using Bea Hessen as a convenient jumping-off point to express *their* own personality: (e.g., "Bea Hessen was my nextdoor neighbor, and she encouraged me to play the violin. I now play a few selections....")

But the Childs service, thank God, was tastefully done, and generally kept in bounds. It lasted only a hour and a half, and the focus was kept on Roy, with only a few self-indulgent outbreaks. The centerpiece was a superb tribute by Ralph Raico, funny and moving. George Smith's opening salvo was both too self-indulgent and too pompous; also, for one of the most outspoken atheists of our time to offer prayers to a "hypothetical god" was a bit curious; but perhaps it is true that there are no atheists at memorial services. Joan Kennedy Taylor, libertarian feminist writer, said that she and Roy "fell into friendship" as soon as they met, and that she was "Roy's creation." Good—that's my kind of feminist! Allan Blumenthal, former Randian shrink and would-be concert pianist, played two of Roy's favorite selections from Liszt and Chopin; fortunately, Liszt's was melodic rather than his usual bombast. It was generally agreed that while the piano playing was pleasant, Blumenthal's choice of psychiatry over concert piano was no great loss to the musical world. Neo-Randian novelist and actress Kay Nolte Smith read selections from just about the only two writers approved of by Rand: Victor Hugo and Rostand's *Cyrano de Bergerac*. Those could well have been cut; but fortunately, Kay Smith (no relation to George) ended with a sonnet from Shakespeare, (who has long been under general Randian interdict).

After the formal tributes, the floor was thrown open to "additional remarks" from anyone who wanted to talk, and the quality dropped sharply. Fortunately, however, this session was short. Tastelessness began to creep in. Tom Palmer said that Roy was the only one "he could talk to about his sexuality" (gay). And young economist Danny Klein composed a "poem" for the occasion, the high (or low) point being that when Klein, as a young student, asked Roy for his set of volumes of the great economist Bohm-Bawerk, Childs replied that he would give him Bohm-Bawerk if "he would strip to his shorts." Whether Klein accepted the offer was left to the imagination of those of us who cared to contemplate the transaction. (Shudder!)

After the formal remarks, messages were read from absent friends: Bob Kephart, Nathaniel Branden, Barbara Branden, Milton Friedman, and Ed Crane were prominent. What: no Edith Efron? *No Charles Koch*? Ed Crane was supposed to come up from Washington with the rest of the Cato crew, but he put feelers out in advance to see if the two Rs were coming, and when he heard they were, he made himself scarce. Crane's message was OK, but it ended

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on a curious note, hailing Childs for his "lifelong fight against statism and bigotry." Huh? Bigotry?? This drew raised eyebrows from many in attendance.

Looking at the people in attendance, and seeing that the last few issues of *LP News* have been preoccupied with the death of old comrades, it is getting all too clear that, with each passing year, the average libertarian is getting another year older. And that means that there are very few young people coming into the ranks. Hey guys, where are the youth? Don't you know that an aging movement is very bad for gossip columnists? ■

P.C. Watch

by Llewellyn H. Rockwell, Jr.

White Men Can't Jump

Amidst the looting, murder, and arson of the Chicago race riots (root cause: the Bulls' victory), my favorite incident was car crushing. The youths turned over taxi cabs and police cars and jumped up and down on them until they were flattened. When jumpers wanted a rest, reported the *New York Times*, they would "dive head first into the growing crowd."

Or Any Grammar Lessons

The "Style Section" of the *Washington Post* recently featured a photo of an angry young black woman. The caption read: "Radical by Design: A woman on the streets of Washington makes a political—and fashion—statement." And another sort of statement as well. Her t-shirt read: "RODNEY KING did'nt [sic] get any JUSTICE."

The Continuum

The 25th anniversary of the Supreme Court's Loving decision, which outlawed state anti-miscegenation laws, was marked by *The Washington Post*. "She was black and he was white," wrote Lynne Duke, "the year was 1958 and the state of Virginia had prohibited mixed marriages for 200 years. So when Richard and Mildred Loving returned home to rural Carolina County" after getting married in D.C., someone called the police. "The county attorney referred to the 17-year-old bride as a 'Negress.' The judge invoked 'racial integrity' and God's will." The Lovings were convicted and banished from the state for 25 years. But in 1968, the Supreme Court blessed their union, and many others like it.

When jumpers wanted a rest, they would "dive head first into the growing crowd."

Dominic Licavoli, 38, who is white, said his parents reacted with "racism" when he announced his impending marriage: "What else could it be? I mean, when you tell your mom you're marrying a black woman and she says, 'Oh, my God, No!' is that someone who's not racist?"

His black wife, Pamela, 36, says she's "always been kind of anti-white." When she saw her newborn baby, "she cried: 'He's so whiiiite!' 'To be perfectly honest, I wanted him to darken up.'"

According to the Census Bureau, there were 231,000 black-white marriages in 1991, 154,000 of which involve black men and white women. Interracial marriage is most common in California, and rarest in the South.

To those who oppose such unions, Mildred Loving, now 52, says, in what the *Post* calls a "singsong cadence": "Even if they don't like it, it's nothing they can do about it. If they don't like it, tough luck."

Super Nonsense

The Super Soaker, a squirt gun that can shoot 50 ft. and is the hit of the summer toy season should be outlawed says Boston's liberal mayor Raymond Flynn and a group of Michigan legislators. Why? Because one black youth was killed, and two others wounded, when they squirted other blacks who then responded with real guns.

Bishops, Be Submissive to Your Feminists

For the first time, writes Jeanne Gaetano in *Fidelity*, the

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U.S. Catholic bishops have asked Rome for permission to drop two scriptural passages read at Mass because they offend a pressure group. The verses, from St. Paul's Epistles to the Colossians and the Ephesians, read as follows:

"Wives, be submissive to your husbands, as is proper in the Lord. Husbands, love your wives, and avoid any bitterness towards them. Children obey your parents in everything for that is pleasing to the Lord. Fathers, do not provoke your children, so they may not become discouraged."

"Wives should be subordinate to their husbands as to the Lord. For if the husband is head of his wife just as Christ is head of the church, he himself the savior of the body. As the church is subordinate to Christ, so wives should be subordinate to their husbands in everything."

This is a difficult teaching, especially these days. But as Pius XII wrote in his encyclical, *Casti Connubi*: "Let [the wife] be subject and obedient to the man, not as a servant but as a companion.... [A]s he occupies the chief place in ruling, so she may and ought to claim for herself the chief place in love.... This subjection does not deny or take away the liberty which fully belongs to the woman both in view of her dignity as a human person, and in view of her most noble office as wife and mother and companion; nor does it bid her obey her husband's every request if not in harmony with right reason or with the dignity due a wife; nor...does it imply that the wife should be put on a level with those persons who in law are called minors...."

After Our Lord's discourse on the Eucharist, St. John relates that "many of his disciples remarked, 'This sort of talk is hard to endure! How can anyone take it seriously?'" Many of them "broke away and would not remain in his company any longer." Rather than softening His message, "Jesus then then said to the Twelve, 'Do you want to leave me too?' Simon Peter answered him, Lord, to whom shall we go? You have the words of everlasting life."

We should be "proud, enormously proud, that we have a country that gave four extremely unpopular defendants a fair trial."

What Else Do We Need to Know?

"The depth and power of Sister Souljah's art [in which she calls for the murder of whites] may make some people nervous," writes Professor Ronald Walters, chairman of the political science department at Howard University in the *Washington Post*, "but her voice represents an authentic expression of sentiment among a substantial segment of black youth and black people in general."

Hurrah for Simi Valley

"In praise of Justice in Simi Valley" was the editorial in June's *American Lawyer*. Editor Steven Brill, a liberal lawyer, says "there is something downright glorious about a system that allows a jury to reach such an unpopular verdict." We should be "proud, enormously proud, that we have a country that gave four extremely unpopular defendants a fair trial."

Concerning the upcoming federal trial, Brill notes that a "second acquittal" is both "a strong possibility and not at all a disaster." The "real disaster" would be trying to "railroad these cops to a conviction." The cover story, by liberal lawyer Roger Parloff, accompanied by a video tape illustrating the various points he makes, comes to the conclusion that the jury was "right." It also twits the *New York Times* and the *Wall Street Journal* for suppressing the pro-cop evidence in their hysterically pro-King coverage.

NR Update

A recent issue of *National Review* is, a friend points out, almost entirely leftist. Just two examples: a book review chastises James Grant, author of the magnificent *Money of the Mind*, for not understanding that "credit expansion" is largely responsible for American prosperity! Another article says we should not worry about adulterous politicians because the "greatest American leaders" such as "Franklin D. Roosevelt,

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John F. Kennedy, and Martin Luther King, Jr." were adulterers all, the last two having it as their role in the division of labor.

Note: why would *NR* run a piece arguing that political adultery isn't important? Could it be because of Ross the Faithful versus George (and Bill) the Promiscuous? (See Sarah Barton's *Bush's Mistresses* on p. 5).

Love Me, Love My Mortgage

Black neocon Alan Keyes, the Republican nominee for U.S. Senate in Maryland, had little chance of beating the dwarf incumbent, Barbara Mikulski (D-Lesbos). But with the latest brouhaha, Keyes's chances have dropped to near zero. It seems that Keyes's campaign is paying him $8,500 a month, something unheard of in politics, and it is making fundraising difficult.

Keyes claims he needs the money for his $4,000 mortgage and other expenses, although he knew that the rules, if not the laws, of politics mean that people give you money, and you give your time. "I'm established in life," he told the *Washington Post*, and have to live "comfortably."

Keyes was the Harvard roommate of William Kristol, son of Irving, and has been promoted by such neocons as Allan Bloom, William Bartley, and Jeanne Kirkpatrick through a series of lush government and neocon non-profit jobs. As Keyes says, "you want me to come work for you, you have got to pay me a certain minimum."

A Day Seems Hardly Sufficient

The Rev. Calvin O. Butts 3rd and other black clergymen in New York urged blacks to honor a "Day of Absence" on June 19th "to protest the Rodney G. King verdict, police brutality, and racism in general." Blacks were asked to stay home and away from work, stores, and schools to demonstrate "just how important African-Americans are to our city."

Funny Business Invalidated?

FBI director William Sessions and the black FBI agents association Badge (Black Agents Don't Get Equality) had just worked out an agreement to give blacks permanent preference in hiring and promotion because of "past discrimination" (blacks did not pass the entrance exam as often as whites, and were not promoted as often).

Then the FBI Agents Association, or what we might call Cuff (Caucasian Umbrage at Federal Fabrications), brought suit to see the "evidence" used to justify black privileges. The suit was described, surprise!, as "racism" by Badge.

Sister Servant

After the Clinton controversy, Sister Souljah said: "I am angry, which means that I am sane. Only an uneducated and misguided African person would not be angry at the racist white transgressions of this society." It was "very shocking" to her that "Bill Clinton has chosen to attack" a "young African woman who is very well educated, alcohol-free, drug-free, a successful self-employed businesswoman, and a community servant."

Bench Quotas

In one of its now typical post L.A. whine-a-thons, the *Wall Street Neocon* moaned that "only" 4.2% of state high court judges, and "only" 5.2% of federal judges are black. But in a letter, Randall Armstrong of Washington, D.C. points out, "down on an inside page we learn that only 3.4% of all lawyers are black," a figure that was 1.4% in 1970. So, on average, black lawyers are younger than white lawyers.

Looking at all the facts, he says, we can see that "blacks are over-represented on high courts," and a middle-aged black lawyer is three to four times as likely as a middle-aged white lawyer to be made a judge. "Is this racial discrimination?" he asks. Of course.

Free Pollard?

Christian broadcaster Pat Robertson, who plans to run for president in 1996, spoke at a New York rally for convicted Israeli spy Jonathan Pollard. Pollard was one of the most successful spies in U.S. history, with much of his vast thefts being passed from Israel to the Soviet Union, according to Seymour Hersh in *The Samson Option*.

"I am outraged at this miscarriage of justice," said Robertson, who called on "the President of the United States to commute the sentence of Jonathan Pollard."

Duke Today

After black *USA Today* reporter

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Desiree French nominated Rodney King for an editor's job at the paper (to combat "white racism"), auto editor James Healey used the same computer newsletter to nominate David Duke.

Duke holds, wrote Healey, "to the everlasting discomfort of bleeding hearts and the terminally guilt-ridden, that white men have rights, too. He would be able to keep alive in this newsroom a notion we seem in danger of forgetting in our headlong rush to the touchy-feelie world of p.c. and in our eagerness to make quotas more important than merit."

The result was, of course, an explosion, and for a while, it looked like Healey might be fired. So far, he has survived.

Before Sister (B.S.)

When Sister Souljah was a "community activist" named Lisa Williamson, she told black students at Columbia to go after whites, for "we are in a state of war."

"These people are knifing you every day with a smile on their face. I tell you I can do the same thing. I just say, 'Have a nice day, Mr. Goldberg' or 'Have a nice day, Mr. Feinstein.'"

About the Central Park "wildin'" in which blacks gang raped and almost beat to death with stones a young white girl, damaging her brain, Williamson said: "Nobody asked [the jogger] what the hell she was doing in the park jogging uptown in her hot pants into Harlem."

Ickel

The vicious International Commission on English in the Liturgy—ICEL—is now fooling with the Lord's Prayer. If they get their way, Catholics will say:

"Our Father in Heaven, hallowed be your name, your Kingdom come, your will be done on earth as it is in Heaven. Give us today our daily bread. Forgive us our sins as we forgive those who sin against us. Save us from the time of trial. For the kingdom, the power, and the glory are yours, now and forever. Amen."

Priestly Pedophilia

Since Vatican II, left-wing Catholic seminaries in the U.S. have ordained more and more pervert priests. When they are discovered, liberal bishops—some of whom, unless my eyes deceive me, are perverts themselves—often transfer the bad priests to other parishes without a word of warning. When such conduct is exposed, as it was in Chicago recently, there is not a word about sin or evil from the crypto-heretical Cardinal Bernadin, but only talk of "counseling" and "psychological problems."

We now learn that in North Attleboro, Mass., the "Rev." James R. Porter raped or molested as many as 300 children. "I had a wonderful childhood and wonderful parents," Patty Wilson told the *New York Times*. "I resent him for taking my childhood away." Frank Fitzpatrick, who was also abused by Porter, tracked down Porter—who had left the priesthood—and confronted him with his conduct. In a taped call, Porter admitted "There could have been quite a few. If it was one, 10, or 100, whatever it was, it happened." But "you should be happy now I'm turning out. It's marvelous, especially for me, mentally."

In the old days, the Church opposed the death penalty for the clergy. But since they've changed everything else, Porter should be strung up.

Condoms

Condoms, says Germaine Wensley, RN, president of California Nurses for Ethical Standards, "rupture, leak, have imperfections, spill, and are damaged by time and temperature. They have an average annual failure rate of 18.4% for girls under 18, and in unmarried Hispanic women, it's been reported as high as 44.5%. However, the possibility of becoming pregnant occurs only a few days during the average 28-day menstrual cycle." AIDS "can be transmitted every day."

The FDA calls condoms "risk reduction." "Risk reduction for a 100% fatal disease? Schools are willing to let our kids play Russian roulette in this way?"

I'm Gonna Cut You, Bitch

Rodney G. King was taken to the North Hollywood police station and almost arrested the other day for cutting up his wife with a knife. Why? They argued over a tape deck. But Mrs. King withdrew the charges, not wanting to endanger her half of the millions he'll loot from Los Angeles because the violent, drunk and speeding

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King resisted arrest and became a celebrity. As all the media have told us, he's a great guy. Just don't touch his tape deck.

Segregation Is OK

The modern rule is that white institutions must be integrated and black institutions segregated. For example, Clarence Thomas, great conservative jurist, recently helped order Mississippi to lower its "historically white" universities' admission requirements to make sure they have more black students. However, said Clarence, Mississippi and other states should also maintain, and fund at a higher level, their "historically black" colleges, whose "distinctive histories and traditions" he praised as "a symbol of the highest attainment of black culture."

Chinese Rage?

Not too long ago, Chinese-Americans held a commemoration of the 10th anniversary of the beating of Vincent Chin. Chin, was beaten to death in Detroit by two unemployed autoworkers. They thought Chin was Japanese, and therefore, of course, responsible for their unemployment. The two UAW thugs were convicted, but sentenced only to probation and a fine.

"The Asians were furious when this happened," writes a friend. "But did they express their rage by looting and burning Chinatown? No, of course; they marked the occasion by working 80 hours a week, etc., like the noble Korean grocers attacked in the L.A. riots."

I can hear the victimological whine of the average newspaper even before I open it up.

Poor Little Us

Nowadays, I can hear the victimological whine of the average newspaper even before I open it up. On a recent Sunday, the *Albany (Ga.) Herald* said about the very successful Parks Sausage Company, "in the early 50s, bigoted grocers put the fledgling black-owned company's products on back shelves to spoil."

Poor millionaires! In fact, grocery stores always reserve the front for the best-selling products. Kellogg's Raisin Bran gets a better spot than Joe's Raisin Delite. All "fledgling" companies—black, white, yellow—get the back seat on the retail bus. Why? Because that's the way customers want it. When we shop, we look for our favorite brands and we want to be able to find them easily. Now that Parks is one of those favorite brands, it gets top placement.

Just once, I'd like to see a non-victimological newspaper. I expect it when Parks' sausages fly. ■

Mr. First Nighter

by M.N.R.

The Player

Heralded and beloved by the Left as Robert Altman's "comeback" movie, this "satire" on Hollywood is both unfunny and meretricious. Supposedly a critique of Hollywood's commercialism from the standpoint of pure art, it actually panders shamelessly to the mob's love of celebrity by one of the oldest tricks in the book: quick, little cameo shots at Hollywood "in" locations, leading people in the audience to nudge their escorts and whisper: "Ooohh, isn't that _____?" throughout the movie. Also, the "good guys" keep making references to pure, avant-garde films of the past, which are allegedly being betrayed in today's Hollywood. But when you get right down to it, this "betrayal" of purity comes down to happy endings, which are still stubbornly and apparently inexplicably favored by the dumb bourgeoisie.

This movie led me to ruminate about the tremendous cultural decline from the quasi-Commie Old Left of the good old days of cinema to the nihilistic New Left of today. Such great Old Left movies, for example, as *Casablanca* may have pushed a Commie message [Humphrey Bogart as stand-in for America, tough-talking but with a heart of gold, originally isolationist but slowy but surely drawn into World War II as he/it became aware of the horrors of "fascism"], but they did so totally within the trappings of the bourgeois Old Culture.

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Neither were Old Left movies afraid of pleasing the audience by way of happy endings. [And what's *wrong* with happy endings, anyway, except that they make the audience feel happy and they don't push the message that life is evil and meaningless?] But now the grand Old Culture is not only cast aside but scorned and ridiculed, and this nihilist message seems to have the highest priority on the current Left agenda.

As the protagonist and major "player," Tim Robbins sleepwalks through a zombie performance, which has naturally been extravagantly praised by the critics as one of the great acting jobs of the year.

Would that Robert Altman stay away permanently.

Fortunately, the 1990's sensibility is kept out of the film.

A League of Their Own

The Old Culture returns in a warm, affectionate story about the American Girls' Professional Baseball League that was established by some baseball owners during World War II and lasted until the early 1950s. The movie catches the spirit of the 1940s, and its feminist points are therefore never abrasive. Fortunately, the 1990's sensibility is kept out of the film. Geena Davis is excellent as the star baseball player, and director Penny Marshall forges good team performances out of all the players, including even the notorious Madonna, who is kept subdued and amiable in a minor role as "All the Way, Mae," the strumpet of the team.

The movie falters in the last scenes, when the girl ballplayers of the 1940s go to a reunion in the mid-1980s at Cooperstown, New York, and reminisce over old times. The problem is not only the older actresses who impersonate Davis, Madonna, etc. forty years later, but even more the mixing-in of the *real* reunion of the professional girls' league at the same time, ending the movie during the final credits with a pathetic and quietly grim scene of these elderly ladies desperately trying to play baseball. The film should have stayed within the forties' context.

Any worries that *A League of Their Own* is too feminist could be eased by reading Georgia Brown's ranting attack in the *Village Voice*, denouncing the movie for depicting women as emotional (how unrealistic!) and as not being sufficiently anti-male.

And what a pleasure to hear the word "girl" spoken again, and with no stern schoolmaster-type rushing up to explain why that term is politically incorrect! Perhaps someday Old Culture films will be made in the context of current life, and not just as historical set-pieces. ■

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